THE EYES OF OCLANOC AND OTHER TALES

The wide Gilrain estuary of Gondor is both an arm of the sea and the conclusion of a great river with its origins in the White Mountains, more than 200 miles to the north. It is roughly 30 miles in length and 20 miles at its greatest width, separating the province of Lebennin from the fiefdom of Dor-en-Ernil, Land of the Prince. Although much of its shoreline consists of high, rocky cliffs formed over millennia as the river cut its way to the Bay of Belfalas, here and there along its shores are fishing villages, mostly of Dunnish, pre-Númenórean origin.

These villages are linked by both the Gilrain and the Rathon Falas, the Coast Road which runs along the river's eastern shore from Linhir, far to the north, down to the castle of Minas Daldor at the river's mouth, then eastward. The road follows along the high sea-cliffs, dropping down now and then to the rivers which have cut their way to the estuary.

A few miles north of the village of Gaeros, bordering the Lanthiriath river, is a forest known as the Erinath. Among the legends of the Dunmen are tales of a great and foreboding forest which once extended from the Gilrain many miles to the east. This forest was called in their tongue Cil-Iscod, the Shadow Wood, and was greatly feared. The Erinath evokes similar tales among the local folk, and may in fact be a remnant of the once great and fearsome Cil-Iscod.

"Great Gilrain, food-giver of Gaeros;
Fairest of floods, fresh fish for our fires,
What bring you today?

Barks for buying? Boats for selling?
Ships from south and north, Friends
From fast Fanuilond, Linhir, Mighty Pelargir?

Or evil enemies out of Umbar;
Feared raiders and slavers, destruction and death?
Great Gilrain, what bring you today?

—Min of Gaeros, *Childhood Reflections*, III 1670

SOUTHWESTERN LEBENNIN

Gaeros lies between the colder north and the milder south. Snow is rare, even in mid-winter, but a morning frost is common. Rain, rather than snow, falls often in the winter. Yet summers too are mild since Gaeros is so near large bodies of water, which tend to regulate the temperature.

Grasses grow in profusion throughout the area, including a tall, tough variety the local fishermen use to make their nets and lines. These grasslands are interspersed with wildflowers in a myriad of colors. Near the streams and rivers grow the curious white lilies from which the Dunmen brew *meathran,* their traditional drink. The forests in the area have been decimated over the ages to a few small groves, with many individual trees here and there, the exception being the larger Erinath.

The fauna one might encounter in the area include a number of wild mammals, such as bear, deer, wolf, and wild boar, wild kine and wild goat. There are a few poisonous snakes and insects. Oh yes, and within the caverns of the great face known as Oclanoc, which looks down upon the estuary from the cliffs, is a large, dangerous and cunning...mystery!

With few exceptions, nearly everyone in this area is of Dunnish descent, although few now speak the old language; most use the Common Tongue. There are a few with some Dúnadan blood, but they are far removed from those ancestors. Even the inhabitants of the Harbor Fort at Gaeros are mostly Dunnish. A few of the officers—commissioned and noncommissioned—are from further east, even as far as the great port of Pelargir.

There are few travelers on the road these days. One may meet itinerant merchants, groups of refugees, traveling musicians, the diseased and the dispossessed — and the lawless. The Gondorian Cavalry, which once patrolled this road, has been recalled to critical points closer to the capital and major ports.

GAEROS

Gaeros is a small fishing village on the bay through which the Lanthiriath river enters the Gilrain estuary. The entire town was burned to the ground only a few years ago by Corsairs of Umbar, and many of its inhabitants were killed or taken captive.

In recent times, such small settlements have been subject to raids by warships and slavers from the south. Hard-pressed to defend her cities, the small but growing naval forces of Gondor have had to leave the towns and villages to fend for themselves.

The results of this unavoidable policy have been largely disastrous for the local population. Nearly all the survivors fled southward along the Coast Road to the safety of the castle of Minas Daldor, 5 miles away, or to the district capital of Fanuilond.

The exception to this mass exodus is the family of Othwellon, a former sergeant-major of the royal marines. With Milis, his wife, and their ten children, he has rebuilt the Port Tavern, long a favorite stopping-place for fishermen and travelers along the Coast Road.

Down a winding road, now bordered with burned-out homes, is the stone quay of Gaeros, surrounded by the blackened ruins of warehouses and the seared stumps of several docks. The road continues rising along the cliffs to the nearby Harbor Fort.

Since the last Corsair raid, there has been little commerce in the area. The once plentiful fishing fleets are gone and few wagons now brave the lonesome Coast Road. Occasionally, cargo ships operating between Fanuilond and Linhir will stop at the stone quay of Gaeros.

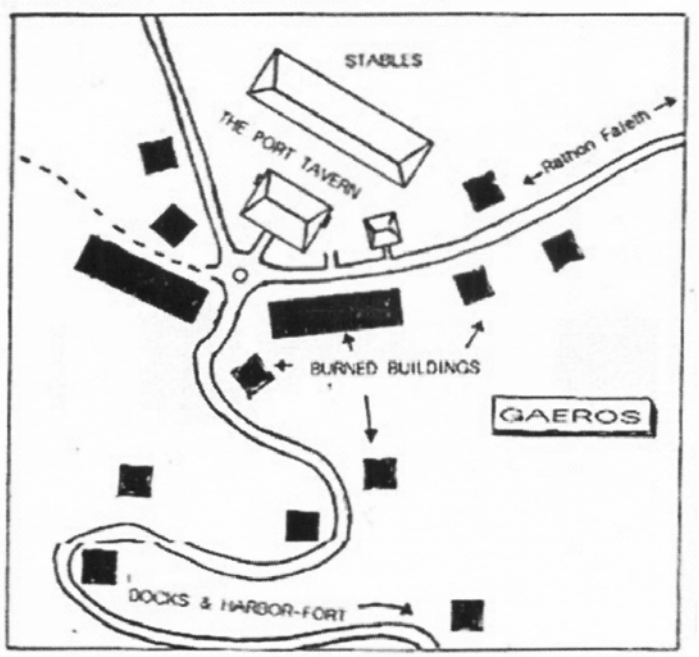
The Harbor Fort and Tower

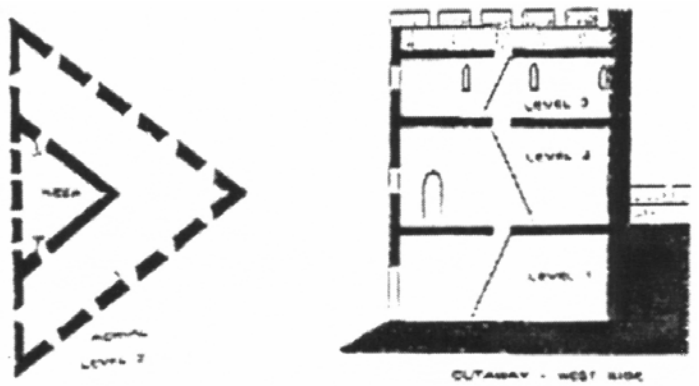
This small fortress, once again operational after a few years of neglect, stands upon a rocky prominence at the southern end of the harbor of Gaeros. It is triangular in design so that its catapults and ballistae have some control over both the river and the harbor. Its dimensions are 90' x 90' x 100', the wider side and entrance facing shoreward. Its tower or keep rises 30' above the 20' outer walls.

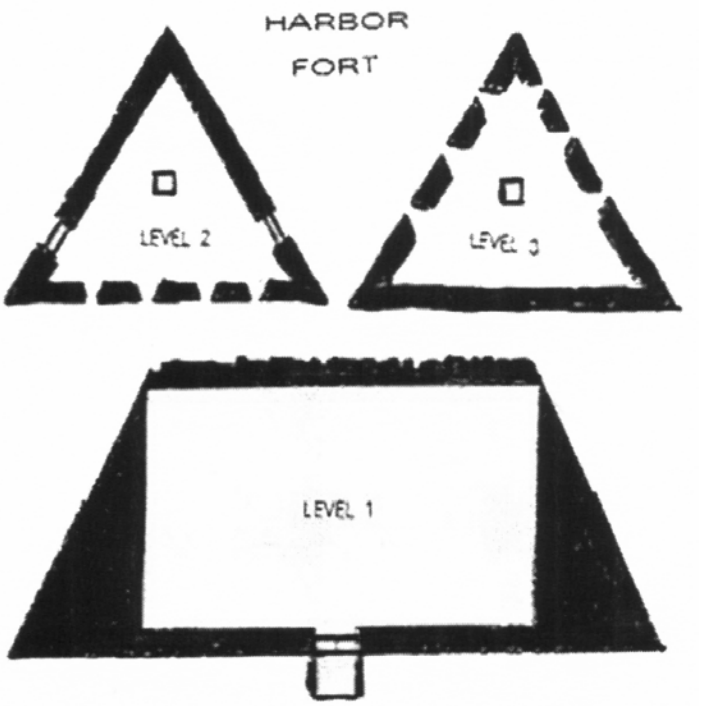
Although small as forts go, it is a formidable and dangerous foe to enemy ships that come within the 500-yard range of its deadly ballistae. A battery of 3 medium-sized ballistae lines each of the two forward walls of Level 2, each supported by one of the fort's large-size ballistae. At the top of the keep are the remaining 2 medium-sized ballistae and another large-sized ballista.

- Level 1 is a large, rectangular room in which the garrison eats and sleeps. Most are royal artillerists (22), but a squad of royal marines (12) occupies one corner. The thick, wooden gates to the fort are here, between the fort and a 100' cliff. There is a modest stable for horses against the cliffside, along which a small dirt road runs to Gaeros.

LINHIR
GILRAIN
Alec
LÓRILAD
Erinath
Lanthiriath
GAEROS
MINAS DALDOR







- **Level 2** includes the officers' quarters (3 officers) and storage.
- **Level 3** is used exclusively for storage of various missiles and barrels of oil for the royal artillerists. Like the top of the keep, Level 3 also features a davot and pulleys to haul heavy objects from lower levels. All levels are connected by ladders.
- **Barad Gaeros,** the ruins of an ancient watch-tower, stand atop the cliff behind the fort. The fort keeps 2 men up there day and night to monitor ships on the estuary and to watch for large groups approaching from the north or south along the Coast Road. A system of trumpet-calls informs the fort of any visitors—friendly, unfriendly or of unknown demeanor.

The garrison is presently commanded by Captain Magorion, a native of Pelargir.

The Port Tavern

The Port Tavern is a brightly-painted two-story inn at the intersection of the Rathon Falas and the road down to the harbor. Its lower story is of good stone, which survived the raid, and features a small store, kitchen and a lively public room offering delicious meals. Between the store and the kitchen, steps lead down to a storage cellar. Stairs in the public room lead up to the inn's upper story, with four small private rooms and a large communal room. With the exception of a few imported items in the store, prices at the Port Tavern are most reasonable.

Other structures nearby include the stables (with a smithy hearth and the inn's latrines at opposite ends) and the large house of Othwellon and his family.

Othwellon is a retired sergeant-major of the royal marines. Therefore, he is a close friend of some of those stationed at the Harbor Fort and his establishment is a popular hangout for off-duty marines. Although he doesn't mention it, this large, jovial man who walks with a limp has a drop of Dúnadan blood in his family.

Milis, his Dunnish wife, inherited the property from her older brother when he failed to return from an expedition to the Erinath. She remembers many Dunnish songs and proverbs in the old tongue, but understands little of the language.

Othwellon and Mills' Children

- **Awil** (20) —He hunts, fishes and supervises the family gardens.
- **Finne** (19) — She supervises the serving of tables and cleaning of rooms.
- **Averan** (17) —A good blacksmith, he runs the stables.
- **Fiaga** (15) — He normally assists his brother Awil.
- **Sona (14)** —She helps cook, serves tables and cleans rooms.
- **Senta** (14) — Sona's identical twin; serves tables and cleans.
- **Min** (12) —She helps Averan with the livestock.
- **Fecha** (10) —She has responsibility for her younger siblings.
- **Malrac** (7) — He is mischievous and always under foot.
- **Ùli** (6) —She is Malrac's co-conspirator and shadow.

Guests at the Inn

In the Communal Room

- **Midòg**—a thin, rat-faced man from upriver; quiet.
- **Ascal** — Midòg's large, stupid male companion.

In Private Rooms

- **Maval**—a quiet, secretive woman, often asks questions about the area and its history when the public room is full. She seems to have plenty of gold and silver.
- **Ablor the Juggler**—arrived on the same ship as Maval, from Fanuilond, although they apparently do not know one another. He frequents the public room too, but hardly speaks to anyone. He pays for his stay by entertaining nightly, with his juggling, harp and songs.

Frequent Visitors

- **Off-duty soldiers** — Several off-duty royal artillerists and royal marines are always in the common room during the day, and occasionally stay overnight in the communal room. They are a bit competitive with each other, and when in their cups, fistfights can occur.
- **Sholtor**—an old fisherman who visits the inn when he goes on a drinking binge.
- **Sgihir** — Sholtor's daughter, who will come looking for him when he is late returning to their small house northwest of Gaeros along the Coast Road.

THE TOWN OF LÓRILAD

Not a single building in this town escaped a devastating fire set by the Corsairs a few years ago, after looting the village and taking prisoners for ransom. Only the stone bridge over the River Alac stands, blackened but unharmed. All that are left of the village docks are blackened stumps in the water.

THE ERINATH

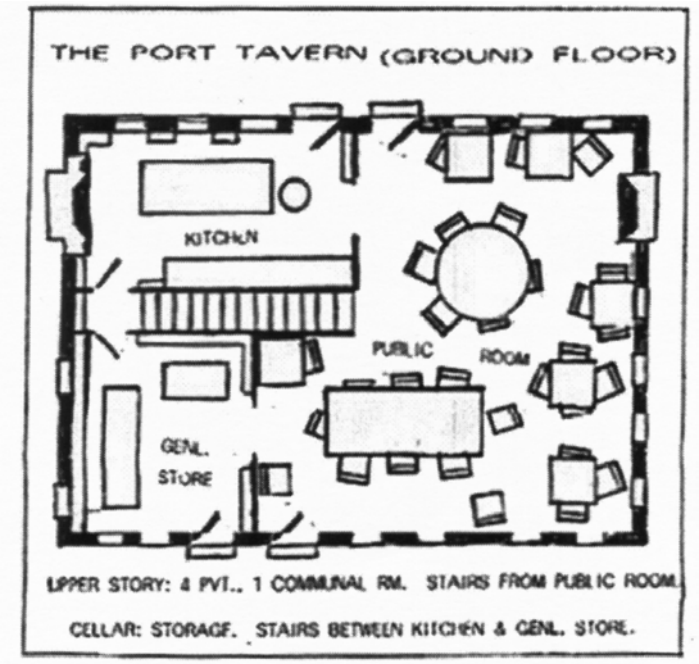
A few miles north of Gaeros on the river Lanthiriath is a fair-sized forest called the Erinath. Dunnish folk-tales identify this with a legendary forest of long ago called Cil-Iscod or Shadow Wood. When Gaeros was more populous, hardly a man of Dunnish descent could be found who would enter the Erinath, even in broad daylight. There were stories told by the fireside of persons who dared the shadows of that evil forest and were never seen again.

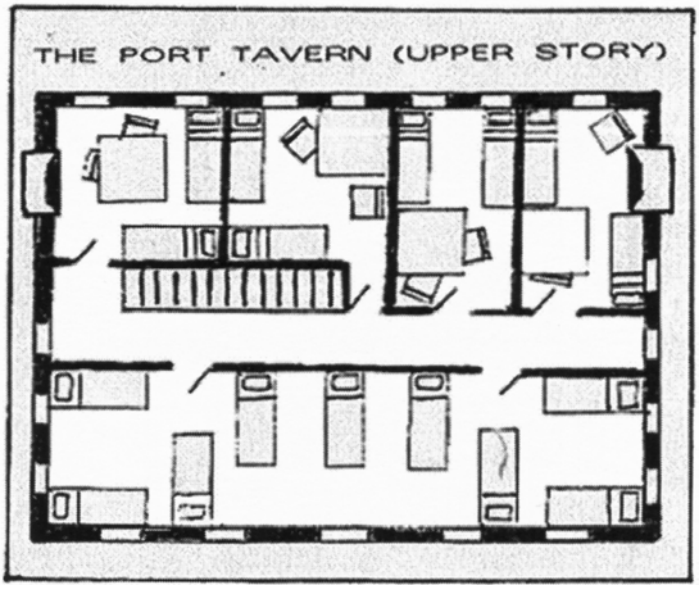
THE CLIFF CAVES

Along the miles of high cliffs bordering the Gilrain estuary are many caves of widely varying sizes. Some near the water-line are sea-caves, eroded by ages of crashing waves; others appear to be ancient volcanic fissures, often smaller than a man's hand. Some of these conduct underground water to the estuary; others are dry. But the most famous of these caves are the two just north of Gaeros which form the eyes of the great stone face: the Eyes of Oclanoc. In fact, the entire cliff-face is known to mariners as Dol Oclanoc.

No tales have survived the long years to tell the origin of this strange visage. Whether it was wrought by the hands of ancient Men and weathered by the centuries, or created by some mysterious coincidence of nature, no living man knows.

The mouth of the face appears to be the opening of a huge cavern, but in reality is only a few yards deep and guarded by treacherous currents. The eyes are true cave entrances, about 4' high, through which two small rivulets flow continuously, giving the face the appearance of weeping. There is a small landing, visible only at low tide, just to the left of the gaping mouth. From it, a steep and hazardous path winds slowly upward, back and forth across the cliffs to the very top of the head, several hundred feet above the river.


THE PORT TAVERN (GROUND) FLOOR
KITCHEN
PUBLIC ROOM
GENL. STORE
UPPER STORY: 4 PVT., 1 COMMUNAL RM. STAIRS FROM PUBLIC ROOM.
CELLAR: STORAGE. STAIRS BETWEEN KITCHEN & GENL. STORE.



reputation among mariners. "Steer by the Eyes of Oclanoc to reach the Sea," states a Dunnish proverb, "but steer it widely by!" The more superstitious Dunmen even today warn that the face of Oclanoc actually possesses great hands below the surface which can grab and pull under even the largest ship foolish enough to come too close.

ADVENTURE GUIDELINES

Selecting an Adventure

The three suggested adventures in this module have been arranged from the least to the most difficult, but a group of PCs may choose to explore the area on their own, making their own choices and encountering what may be encountered.

Choosing a Time Period

The time period of this module is ca. TA 1650, but of course GMs may select a time earlier or later, according to their personal preferences.

Gaeros has been the site of a fishing village almost as long as Dunmen have lived in the area. Early times would reveal Gaeros and Lórilad as a cluster of wattle-and-thatch huts above small bays busy with the rowboats of fishermen and their nets. Before the Corsair raids (1448 ff), both towns were bustling villages of sturdy wooden homes. Downhill, near the long piers and stone quays, rows of warehouses held items of river trade between Fanuilond and Linhir.

After 1650 and into the Fourth Age, Gaeros again became a thriving town, with a larger population than before, more warehouses and two more stone quays. The Coast Road once again became a busy thoroughfare for wagons and horsemen, and was again patrolled by units of the Royal Cavalry. A second, nearly identical Harbor Fort was built on the northern side of the bay. Lórilad, however, was never rebuilt, and its ruins were gradually assimilated into the landscape until few could tell there had ever been a town there.

Suggestions for Running Adventures

GMs should become familiar with the land, the structures and the people (NPCs) of each area in this module. The descriptions of NPCs in the body of this module and the Master NPC Chart, toward the end, will be helpful. The Master Beast Chart will give the GM an idea of the likelihood of specific encounters in specific areas.

Encounters

Players may encounter NPCs and others who have landed at one of the docking areas along the Gilrain river, or anywhere along the Coast Road, north or south of Gaeros. Off the road, encounters with animals are more likely than people.

A DANGEROUS FELON

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An Adventure along the Coast Road

It is common knowledge that royal artillerists as a whole feel somewhat superior to the general combat troops and sailors. They often take the "art" in "artillery" rather literally, considering themselves "artists of accuracy" and military intellectuals. This, of course, does not sit well with the royal marines, who are often assigned to carry bolts and other missiles for the fort's ballistae and catapults, and to move the heavy artillery about the battlements during real or practice engagements. More than a few marines, trained experts in ship-to-ship combat, feel somewhat put upon by such menial tasks.

It's not surprising, therefore, that thoughtless remarks between these two groups have often led to arguments and occasional fistfights at the Port Tavern in the past. Such contests are usually stopped before any serious damage results, by Othwellon and more sober soldiers. About six months ago, however, one such incident resulted in a murder. This act of unprecedented violence was so shocking that it's still a matter of discussion, particularly at the inn's public room.

An artilleryman who had had a bit too much *meatbran* made the careless remark that marines, in general, were "all brawn and no brains." One of a group of marines at the next table loudly observed that "In a real fight, an artilleryman's about as good as a milkmaid, and only half as pretty!" The shouting match erupted into a brawl so quickly that no one was able to prevent the tragedy that followed.

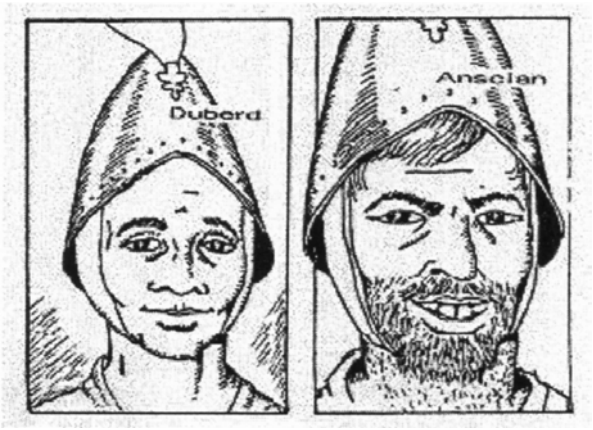
A burly, red-headed marine sergeant named Anscian drew his broadsword and, before his comrades could stop him, slew the drunken and unarmed artillerist. While everyone stood in momentary shock, Anscian bolted for the door and disappeared northward along the Coast Road.

By the time word got back to the fort and a patrol could be sent after him, he was nowhere to be found. Later, Anscian was court-martialed *in absentia,* stripped of rank and sentenced to twenty years imprisonment at Pelargir. A reward was offered for information leading to his capture, but remains unclaimed.

After eluding his pursuers, Anscian fell in with four unsavory characters in the hills above Lórilad. With his great physical strength and combat abilities, Anscian quickly became their leader. Operating out of a burned-out house in Lórilad and a cabin in the hills above the Coast Road, Anscian and his band prey upon travelers passing along the way. On the tenet that "dead men tell no tales," they systematically rob and murder their victims, dragging the bodies off into the hills for carrion.

Since most of their victims have been refugee families (ironically, fleeing from Corsair raids along the shores) or traveling tradesmen, their disappearances have gone unnoticed. Two days ago, however, a victim actually survived long enough to stagger into Gaeros to tell of "a great red-headed brute in uniform" whose men robbed his family of everything of value, then murdered them. The unfortunate man awoke to find himself lying in a gully among the bodies of his family. Though mortally wounded himself, he managed to find his way back to the road and into Gaeros, where he died before telling more.

The Harbor Fort, not unusual for these troubled times, has been placed on alert, and Captain Magorion can spare only one man to recruit civilian volunteers to capture or destroy the robber band. The soldier's name is Duberd, a sergeant in the royal marines who knows Anscian well. Captain Magorion is offering 5 gp per volunteer, an equal percentage of all unclaimed valuables the highwaymen might have, and an equal share in the reward money. This latter has been increased to 100 gp for Anscian, dead or alive, and 50 gp for each member of his gang.

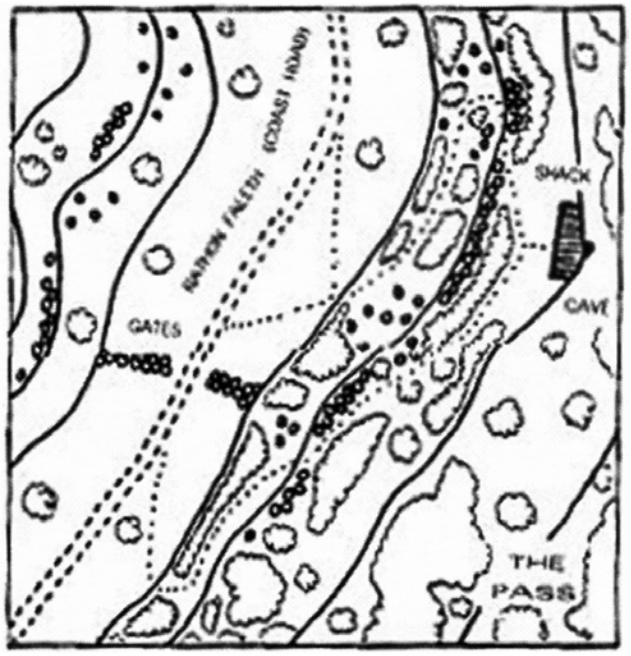


THE NPCs

Anscian

At 24, this large, muscular warrior is a truly formidable foe. He is an expert at close combat, wielding broadsword, dagger, spear and short-bow. Quick to anger and fearful of imprisonment, Anscian will fight to the death if he cannot escape capture.

Unknown to any but themselves, Anscian and Duberd have known each other since they were orphans in the streets of Pelargir, forced to steal in order to survive in that large city, living in alleys, empty buildings and on unwatched boats in the harbors. Arrested for petty theft when they were 18 and 15 respectively, Anscian and Duberd were given their choice of valiantly in the



futile defense of the city against the Corsairs in 1634. After that, both men rose in the ranks, Anscian earning his sergeant's emblem in Pelargir, Duberd at their most recent assignment at the Harbor Fort near Gaeros.

Anscian has never forgiven the fates for the hard life he was born into. He has always been envious of those more fortunate, and has shown it with verbal scorn and occasional violence all his life. His achievement of rank gave him the opportunity to bully others with relative impunity. Needless to say, he was most unpopular with those in his charge.

Duberd

Like his childhood companion, Duberd found a home in the royal marines, but unlike Anscian, he has taken every opportunity to improve himself, not only in combat skills but in his attitude toward life. Duberd s philosophy is "Loyalty, Courage and Leadership," the ideals of the royal marines.

As Duberd improved himself and matured, he found Anscian's contempt for others no longer tolerable. He spent more time with new comrades, and the two former friends grew apart. At 21, Duberd is one of the most popular and efficient non-commissioned officers at the fort, a fact that has not gone unnoticed by Captain Magorion.

Midòg

This 40-year old cut-throat is second-in-command of Anscian's highwaymen. Although he was once the leader of the band, his valid fear of Anscian prevents him from either attempting to take over or informing; he knows only too well what would happen to him. Midòg is presently staying in the communal room of the Port Tavern. Sent with a companion to purchase goods for the gang, he has stayed over a few days in hopes of discovering potential victims traveling north along the Coast Road.

Ascal

Accompanying Midòg is this huge but dim-witted thief, primarily used to carry supplies back to the hideout.

Fadsronac

Back in camp with Anscian, Fadsronac is the least predictable of the gang. His most recognizable characteristic is his prominent proboscis, however Fadsrdnac is a dangerous psychopath. While all the members of the gang have committed murders, only he enjoys tormenting his victims as long as time and his companions permit.

Ablac

Although he is the youngest and smallest of the group, Ablac is easily the most agile. Ablac can move extremely fast; he can climb a tree or wall at a running pace, and is an expert cutthroat.

Layouts

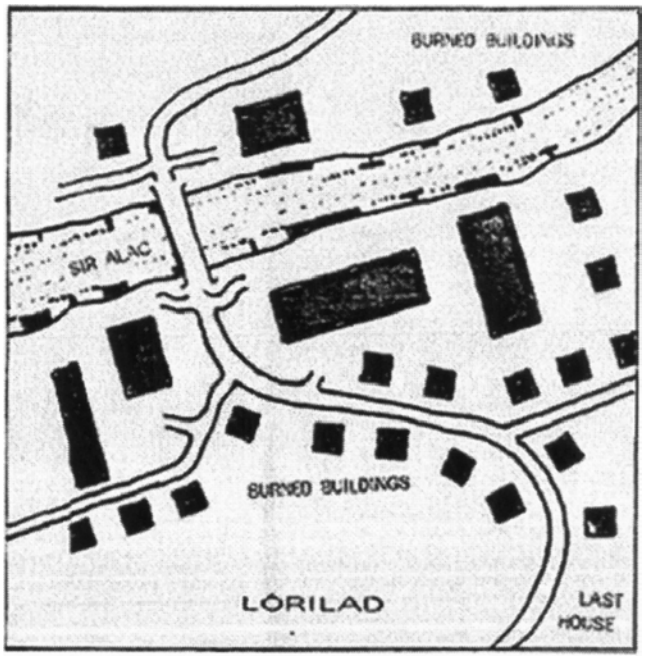
Located about a mile and a half from the ruined town of Lórilad, a fairly new stone wall with double gates has been installed by Anscian and his men at this narrow pass between high hills. They stop travelers and demand toll "for the Crown" to pass the gates, while moving into position to assault their victims.

On one of the nearby hills, the bandits have built a crude shack in which to stay periodically. The back of the shack conceals a small cave (3' x 2' x 8' deep) in which they have stashed a portion of their loot.

Not a single building escaped the Corsairs' fires when this village was looted and burned. The blackened shell of the last house on the road to Gaeros conceals another lair of Anscian's gang. It's the cellar of the house, its entryway hidden by "debris." More of the gang's loot is stashed here in the robbers' five individual, locked sea-chests.

The Task

Duberd will ask for volunteers in the public room of the Port Tavern. In addition to the PCs, three NPCs will volunteer for the expedition. Awil, eldest son of Othwellon and Milis, and thoroughly familiar with the road as least as far as Lórilad, will volunteer to act as guide. Two other volunteers who will join the expedition are Midòg and Ascal, who are actually part of Anscian's gang.



Aids

In the search for Anscian and his gang, Duberd will take the volunteers northward from Gaeros along the Coast Road. His plan is to have two volunteers disguised as itinerant tinkers, with huge packs of pots and pans concealing their weapons. (There's an 80% chance Duberd will choose Awil for this role.) They are to keep a few hundred yards ahead of the others to lure the robbers into the open, and to drop their packs noisily if attacked. Othwellon will provide three good horses and the pack of pans at no charge, but expects everything back if all goes well.

Obstacles

The terrain favors the robber-band, affording ample cover on both sides of the road, and a fair view of the road from their hillside hideout. There's a 50% chance that Anscian and his gang are either in their shack at the pass or in their cellar at Lórilad. In either case, there's an 80% chance one of the gang will be on lookout duty nearby.

Middg and Ascal will, of course, join in on the side of Anscian in a fight. They may also attempt to warn their comrades with coughing, sneezing, etc., or they may try to sneak away from Duberd's group at the first opportunity.

Rewards

Each volunteer who survives will be paid 5 gp, regardless of the success or failure of the mission, and an equal share of the reward money offered by Captain Magorion (100 gp for Anscian, 50 gp for each member of his gang). If the volunteers care to wait 30 days or to return at that time, an equal share of all unclaimed loot will also be theirs.

ENCOUNTERS

Number	Type	Coast Road	Coastal Hills	Lórilad
1	Natural hazard[1]	—	01-05	01-05
Animal				
1-2	Badgers	—	06-12	—
1-2	Bears	—	13-19	—
2-40	Bees/Hornets	01-05	20-29	06-13
1	Boar	—	30-37	—
1-10	Dogs (wild)	06-10	38-54	14-18
1-2	Foxes	—	46-51	—
1-10	Goats (wild)	—	52-57	—
1-10	Rabbits	—	58-66	—
1-20	Rats[3]	—	—	19-28
1-2	Skunks	11-14	67-75	29-36
1-2	Snakes/Spiders (poisonous)	15-18	76-80	37-41
Refugees/Travelers[4]				
1-2	Adventurers	19-21	81	—
1-2	Entertainers	22-24	—	42-46
1-10	Farmers	25-29	82	47-51
1-10	Fisher-folk	30-34	83	52-56
1	Madman/woman[5]	35-37	84-85	57-63
1-2	Merchants	38-42	—	64-68
1-10	Military[6]	43-44	—	—
1-6	Outcasts[7]	45-47	86-87	69-75
1-2	Physicians/Healers	48-50	—	76-80
1-10	Religious zealots[8]	51-55	88-89	81-85
1-10	Corsairs	—	—	86-92
—	Loud Roaring Sound[9]	56-00	90-00	93-00

1. Crumbling cliff-edges, weak timbers, hidden walls, etc.
2. 50% of lone animals are rabid and will attack. Bite transmits rabies!
3. 10% of rats and their fleas carry disease, including the Plague.
4. Refugees carrying everything they own, merchants with goods for sale.
5. Delusions, hallucinations, paranoia. 25% chance they are homicidal.
6. 1-4 = a patrol; 6-10 = replacements for the Harbor Fort.
7. People carrying the Plague, very infectious. 50% show signs of it.
8. Devotees of "the Dark Fire of Númenor." "He'll rid the land of Corsairs! Pray to him!"
9. Sound appears to come from a fog-bank out in the estuary. Source unknown.

A BOY CRIES WOLF
-
An Adventure in the Erinath

There's a folk-rhyme in the ancient tongue of the Dunmen which few among the living can recite and fewer still understand:

En Cil-Iscoð còna∂ar,
Ag glea∂ar ∂o gelac-bàn,
Ag fana∂ar ∂om sè, ∂o àr!

However, there exists a riddle in Fanuilond in the Common Tongue which, though no one remembers, was based upon the older rhyme:

In the Sha∂ow Woo∂ they stay;
At the pale moon ∂o they bay,
An∂ they wait for you, to slay!

Milis, the wife of Othwellon of the Port Tavern, can recite the ancient rhyme word for word in the old tongue, and though she understands little of it, she knows it refers to the Erinath and its evil reputation. But it means more to her than just a fireside tale.

Milis was 13 when her parents died, and ownership of the Port Tavern passed to her only brother, Mala. At 22, Mala cut a dashing figure; he was young, handsome and a property-owner, and therefore the object of many a mother's matchmaking and many a daughter's dream. It was only two years later that Mala disappeared and Milis inherited the popular inn.

Mala and some friends had been rebuilding and enlarging the inn's stables and ran short of good timber. Someone suggested, jokingly, that there must be good oak in the Erinath. One comment led to another until the men were daring each other to go that very morning, each man masking his private fears with laughter and bravado.

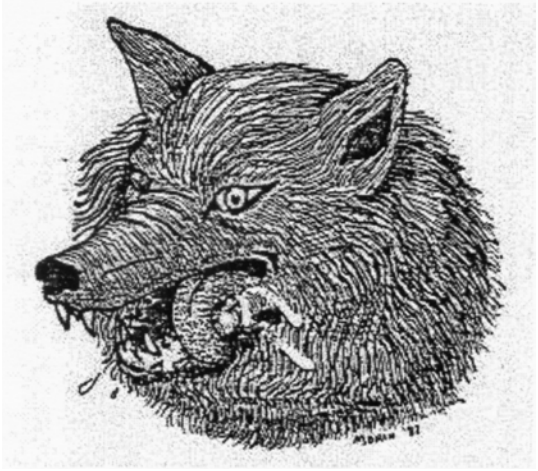
Off they went, five strapping men, a pair of draft-horses and a wagon carrying axes, saws, wedges and mauls. Somewhere near the center of the forest they found a stand of tall oaks, and soon the strokes of their axes echoed back to them from the wooded hills.

Suddenly they were attacked by a large pack of wolves. The men fought a desperate battle, but were far outnumbered, and one by one they were brought down by the ferocity of the wolf-pack. Forced to the ground by a great beast and bleeding severely, the last thing Mala remembered before passing into oblivion were massive, fanged jaws slavering with anticipation.

Mala, who had had his choice of the prettiest maidens of several towns along the river and had rejected them all, awoke to look upon the face of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He was so moved by her beauty as she knelt beside him, that he fell instantly and passionately in love for the first time in his life.

He learned that the woman's name was Falchù as she helped him along a forest path to a small cabin deep in the woods. For several days he fell in and out of consciousness as she tended his wounds. At last the fever broke and his wounds healed through Falchù's patient and tender care.

As his strength returned, Mala determined to marry Falchù, but she repeatedly refused his proposals. Rather than making her happy, Mala was puzzled to find that his declarations of love only seemed to sadden the reclusive Falchù. She begged him to leave for days after he was well, offering to take him safely back to the road to Gaeros, but Mala found he could never leave this mysterious and beautiful woman who has saved his life.



At last Falchù agreed to be his wife, but conditionally: that he would remain with her in the forest, never to see friends or family again. Mala readily agreed to this strange demand and others. She would remain with him throughout the day, but she would be free to leave him from sunset to sunrise; and during the hours of darkness he must never leave the cabin.

The NPGs

Falchù

This strange lady of the Erinath is a skin-changer, a werewolf in fact, as are her four older children by Mala. The youngest faces the same destiny as she matures.

During the day Falchù appears to be an ideal wife and mother, except that she seems devoid of humor; there is ever an air of sadness about her, as though she bears the weight of a dark and secret burden. Her children have none of her gloom, however, for they have accepted the duality of their lives as both civilized humans and wild wolves.

At night, Falchù is the dominant female of the large wolf-pack of the Erinath, utterly ferocious and devoid of human emotions, as are her older children. They are indistinguishable from the natural wolves that are utterly devoted to Falchù as their leader (even when she is in human form). During the day, a female wolf, Falchù's "lieutenant," leads the pack in hunting.

Mala

Although he has ambivalent feelings about the strange offspring he has sired, he so loves Falchù that he will defend her to the death, even when she is in wolf form. Mala will make every effort to send visitors away, short of telling them the truth about his wife and children.

Layouts

This deciduous forest is about three miles long and a mile wide. Within its boundaries are many heavily wooded hills and a few brooks.

A. This well-used path into the forest begins near the ford of the river Lanthiriath, above its several falls.

B. This forest stream joins the Lanthiriath just below the waterfalls.

C. This well-kept, fairly large cabin belongs to Mala, Falchù and family.

D. Deep in the forest and honeycombed with dens, this is the Hill of the Wolves. A small rivulet runs down from a spring on this hill. A small pond lies nearby.

NOTE: *The original bridge over the steep gorge of the Lanthiriath river (not depicted) was of wood, skillfully engineered to support heavy wagons. This bridge, however, was destroyed by fire more than 10 years ago. Lacking the technical know-how to rebuild it, the inhabitants of Gaeros constructed a suspension bridge for foot travelers and re-routed the wagon road to a ford (also not depicted) about 3 miles upstream. At the ford, the Lanthiriath is wide and shallow, but just downstream, the river drops several hundred feet in a spectacular series of waterfalls. The suspension bridge crosses just above the first of these cataracts.*

The Task

Othwellon, with his sons Averan and Fiaga, has been making repairs on the long suspension bridge of the Lanthiriath Gorge, north of Gaeros. Back at the inn for lunch, he asks guests in the public room for assistance. He offers "ten coppers and a free lunch per day."

Suddenly, his 10-year-old daughter, Fecha, runs in the front door of the inn, crying. She tells her father that her younger brother and sister, Malrac and Ùli, are missing. Her story is this: Malrac insisted that they walk up to the bridge to watch their father and older brothers working. She did not know that they had already returned for supplies and lunch. After much badgering, Fecha grudgingly consented and the three children started up the road toward the bridge.

Just as they were approaching the bridge, a voice called to them from the overgrown fields north of the road. Turning, the children were surprised to see a young girl of 9 or 10 years, smiling and motioning for them to come to her.

Fecha was puzzled, for the only children she knew within five miles of Gaeros were her own brothers and sisters. Before she could stop them, Malrac and tiny Ùli were running through the tall grass toward the strange girl. By the time Fecha reacted and ran after them, she had lost them in the dense underbrush and grass. They seemed to be teasing her—now and then as she desperately chased them, she could hear their taunting laughter, ahead or on either side of her.

At last poor Fecha found herself at the very edge of the dreaded Erinath, and the only sounds she heard were the calls of birds and the buzzing of insects. She felt suddenly quite alone and afraid, torn between the guilt of losing her charges and a great fear of the unknown. Should she continue into the evil forest to search for Malrac and Ùli, or run for help, perhaps just to save herself? In the end it was mortal fear, rather than calm reason, which compelled her to run in blind fear back through the fields to the safety of the road. Discovering that her father and brothers were no longer at the bridge, Fecha ran back to Gaeros with her tale of woe.

Othwellon now hurriedly asks for help in finding the missing children, and offers 500 gp to whomever finds them and brings them safely back.

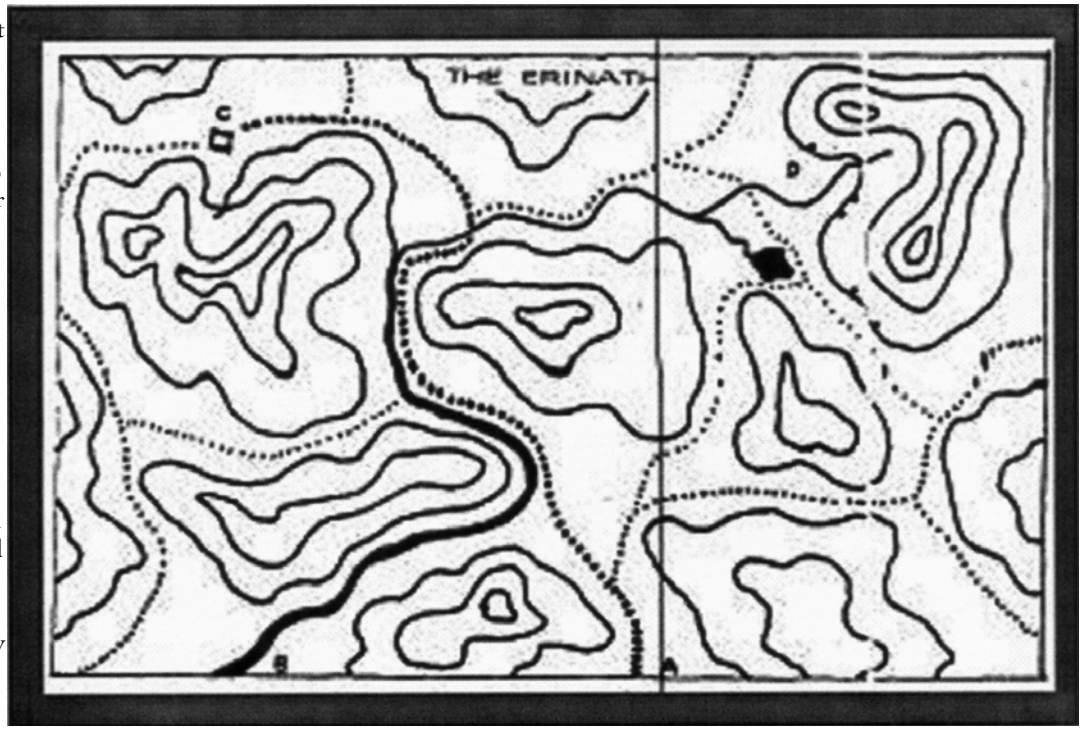
"Before nightfall," adds the tearful Milis, "Please!"

Note: *By this time, there is a 30% chance the children are at the cabin of Mala and Falchù and a 70% chance that they are somewhere (random) in the forest, playing with their new friend and her strange-looking "puppy" (actually a wolf-cub).*

Aids

Fecha with Milis will lead the rescuers to the place from which the children left the road and indicate the direction of their flight. She will then return home with her anxious mother.

Othwellon will recommend splitting the party, with he and his sons attempting to follow the children's trail, the PCs entering the forest by a path near the ford further north. The PCs are expected to rendezvous with Othwellon's group "before nightfall" somewhere near the center of the Erinath. The PCs, of course, are free to choose any path or course of action they wish. The trails into the Erinath are clear and easy to follow, at least in daylight.



Obstacles

Elements of the wolf-pack prowl the forest day and night, and might be encountered virtually anywhere, even within a mile outside the Erinath. Worse, at nightfall the pack will be joined by Falchù and her four older children, who will not permit trespassers to live.

Rewards

Aside from rescuing two small children from certain death or lifelong captivity, there is Othwellon's cash reward of 500 gp. This will be given to the individual who first locates the missing children, providing they are safely returned. This sum will be paid even if only one of the children is returned alive, by Othwellon or, in the event of his death, by Milis. The finder may share all or a portion of the reward with his or her companions. Should the children perish in the rescue attempt, the reward may be less. (Roll 1D100 to determine the percentage of 500 gp which will be paid.)

ENCOUNTERS

Number	Type	Coast road	Grasslands	Erinath
1	Natural hazard[1]	—	01-05	01-05
Animal[2]				
1-2	Bears	01-02	06-08	06-11
2-40	Bees/Hornets	03-07	09-14	12-17
1	Boar	08-10	15-20	18-22
1-20	Cattle (wild)	11-13	21-26	—
1-2	Deer	14-16	27-32	23-27
1-2	Foxes	17-19	33-38	28-32
1-10	Rabbits	20-22	39-44	33-37
1-2	Skunks	23-25	45-50	38-42
1-2	Snakes/Spiders	26-28	51-56	43-47
1-20	Squirrels	—	—	48-53
1-2	Wildcats	29-31	57-62	54-58
2-40	Wolves[3]	32-34	63-67	59-77
Refugees/Travelers[4]				
1-6	Farmers	35-45	—	—
1-10	Fisher-folk	46-56	—	—
1-10	Madman/woman[4]	57-62	68-77	78-79
1-10	Merchants	63-73	—	—
1	Outcasts[5]	74-79	78-86	—
1-2	Physicians/Healer	80-85	—	—
1-10	Religious zealots[6]	86-97	87-94	—
1-6	Falchù & children[7]	98-00	95-00	80-90
1-2	Mala	—	—	91-95
1-10	Malrac, Ùli & friend[8]	—	—	96-00

1. Hidden animal traps, bogs, falling trees or limbs, loose rocks, etc.
2. 25% of lone animals are rabid and will attack. Bite transmits rabies!
3. These are actually wolves, not werewolves.
4. Delusions, hallucinations, paranoia. 25% chance they are homicidal.
5. People carrying the Plague, very infectious. 50% show signs of it.
6. Devotees of "the Dark Fire of Númenor." "He'll rid the land of Corsairs! Pray to him!"
7. After sundown they become werewolves, accompanied by 1-10 wolves.
8. The lost children with the young daughter of Falchù and Mala.

THE EYES OF OCLANOC

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An Adventure among the Cliff Caves

A folk-rhyme of the Dunmen along the shores of the Gilrain estuary refers to a well-known mariner's landmark north of Gaeros:

Im ∂ facil na ѕulѕ-∂al,
Na ѕulѕ-goil Oclanoic.
Ta n'goil ∂on marvain;
Dom ѕè, ∂on amaдain!

Although few contemporary Dunmen fully understand the ancient rhyme, its literal translation is:

Watchful are the blind eyes,
The weeping eyes of Oclanoc.
The weeping is for the ∂eaд;
For you all, for fools!

After looting and burning the villages of Gaeros and Lórilad a few years ago, Fanthol of Umbar was to lead his Corsair squadron of three warships back down the Gilrain to join in the siege of the castle of Minas Daldor. Two of his ships joined in the unsuccessful siege, but Fanthol and his flagship with 160 men, 38 captives and a hold full of treasure, did not.

Fanthol's captains later reported that their mission upriver had been completed with little opposition, and that their commander's ship was last seen anchored off the burning town of Lórilad. He was to have sailed for Minas Daldor the following morning. The Corsair fleet, however, was driven away from Minas Daldor by the approach of Gondorian warships out of Linhir and Fanuilond, and sailed south without Fanthol and his flagship.

One of those retreating captains of Umbar was a woman named Rúthiel. She alone noticed Fanthol's fascination with the great stone face on the cliffs at Dol Oclanoc and kept that information to herself. She planned to return someday to look for Fanthol's treasure-laden ship.

On the day of the burning of Gaeros and Lórilad, an old fisherman and his daughter happened to be above the cliffs, gathering the long, tough grass whose fibers are used to make cordage for nets or ropes. Below them, anchored off Dol Oclanoc, they were startled to see a Corsair ship, from which a long boat was being rowed toward a small cove nearby. Twenty-four men stepped from the boat to the beach, and walked along the narrow ledge (revealed only at low tide) toward the mouth of the great weeping face. A short time later, the strangers returned and, seeing the winding trail up the side of the cliff, began the treacherous ascent.

The fisherman and his daughter gathered their things and hid themselves in the thick grass some distance from the edge of the cliff, so that they could continue to see without being seen. When the Corsairs reached the top of the cliff above the great face, they tied off three strong ropes to nearby trees and began rappelling down, leaving no one behind to guard the ropes.

The fisherman and his daughter moved back to the cliff's edge just as they last man disappeared into one of the eyes of the massive face. Moments later, when the Corsairs were too far inside to hear, their warship was suddenly and unexpectedly attacked by something large and ferocious, which came up from below the surface of the water. Before the shocked seamen could respond, their ship and all aboard were pulled into the depths of the estuary.

The aged fisherman cackled with laughter as he and his daughter hauled up the last rope. They added those ropes to their gathered grass and carried them back to their small hut, less than a mile away. Later on, the fisherman was even able to obtain a few gold pieces from some Corsair bodies which washed ashore below the cliffs on which he lived.

The NPCs

Fanthol

An otherwise able officer, this Corsair commander has two great weaknesses, curiosity and greed. It was curiosity that compelled him to investigate the great weeping face of the Gilrain, and greed for what he suspected might lie hidden inside. Although he can be both witty and charming, Fanthol is a cunning and dangerous adversary, accomplishing his goals with a detachment that allows no mercy.

Sholtor

A temporary resident of the Port Tavern in Gaeros, Sholtor is the old fisherman who witnessed the Corsair debacle at Oclanoc. He lives with his now-grown daughter, Sgihir, in a small hut high above a small bay and the great face. Between drinking bouts, Sholtor is shy and reserved; when "in his cups," he is boisterous and loud.

Sgihir

Now 35 and still unmarried, Sgihir's life has been spent caring

for her father since her mother was taken by the Corsairs 23 years ago. Though strong and healthy, hard work and worry have aged Sgihir's face beyond her years. It is she who nurses Sholtor back to health, at least until his next drinking spree.

Maval/Rúthiel

Maval, the mysterious lady presently staying in a private room at the Port Tavern who has shown such interest in the local gossip and lore recited there is, in reality, Rúthiel of Umbar, the Corsair captain bent on unlocking (and profiting from) the riddle of Oclanoc. She is attempting to gather information about: 1) the fate of Fanthol and especially his ship, 2) events of the burning of Gaeros and Lórilad and the days after, and 3) everything known about the great weeping face on the cliffs. She is even willing to finance an expedition to the site, although she hardly intends to share any treasure found through such a venture. Like her former commander, Fanthol, she is cunning and dangerous, but unlike him she is totally lacking in humor.

Ablor the Juggler

Like Mavai, this traveling entertainer is staying in a private room at the Port Tavern and is not at all what he seems to be. Ablor is a special agent of the Crown, a counterspy who moves from town to town along the coast of Lebennin seeking out agents of Umbar and free privateers operating within the province.

In Fanuilond, he observed the woman calling herself "Maval" sitting at an inn with two known smugglers. Her costume contrasted sharply with the rough attire and demeanor of her companions, and Ablor's suspicions were aroused. He has followed her to Gaeros to discover her true identity and purpose, and will continue to follow her, even on an expedition to Dol Oclanoc.

Delgalen the Dreadful

The ultimate source of all the tales and rumors of the Eyes of Oclanoc is Delgalen, who came to live deep beneath the cliffs several centuries ago. She is somewhat reclusive, showing herself only when certain that neither victims nor witnesses will live to tell of her. She has preyed upon countless ships of the Gilrain estuary and the Bay of Belfalas, devouring their crews and accumulating a bewildering amount of treasure.

Delgalen is a great sea-drake, an aquatic dragon of high intelligence and cruel wit. Blue-green scales cover her 94' frame. Her massive, 30'-span flippers, combined with her powerful tail, enable her to swim incredibly fast and leap up to 100' out of the water. Although she is somewhat cumbersome and incapable of flight on land, she is nonetheless nearly indestructible. Add a host of powerful magic spells at her command, and her total power is terrible indeed. To openly attack Delgalen in her lair or at sea is sheer folly.

Delgalen's most recent acquisition has been the ship and crew of Fanthol the Corsair, whose own ill-gotten gains are now but an infinitesimal portion of her vast hoard. Finding themselves marooned in the upper caverns of Dol Oclanoc, the Corsairs soon discovered that they weren't alone. Trapped between the sheer cliffs outside and the large, larcenous lady in the lower caverns, the Umbareans would long ago have perished from hunger had not Delgalen welcomed their intrusion as a rare opportunity for a bit of "sport."

Having accumulated literally hundreds of barrels of such fare as salt-fish, dried beef and hard-tack, all of which she considers unappetizing, Delgalen made a cruel arrangement with Fanthol and his men: a month's rations in exchange for a living man. Thus the Corsairs were forced each month to choose a victim from among them so the rest could live a little longer.

At first both the selection and the task was easy, with 23 desperate men taking the weakest, least popular seaman, stripping him of all possessions, and bodily tossing him out into the lower passages accessible to Delgalen. Later, as their numbers decreased, the fighting among the doomed men became truly vicious, until after two years of captivity, only Fanthol himself remained. He has kept himself alive these last months by amusing Delgalen with tales, riddles and flattery.

Layouts

The exterior of the cliff is such that reaching the eyes by climbing is extremely difficult if not impossible. Aside from a few small cracks in the rock face, the surfaces above, below and to either side of the eyes are worn smooth by centuries of weathering and made slippery by moist lichens and mosses.

A. The "eyes," affording entrances to the maze of passages within Level 3, all inaccessible to Delgalen.

B. The small rivulet which flows above Level 3 and out through the "eyes."

C. Descending passage between Levels 3 and 2.

D. Cavern of the Whirlpool. Water flows toward this cave and exits down through its center in a dangerous whirlpool.

E. The water-filled passage through which the whirlpool drains, eventually falling 50' from the ceiling of a lower cave.

F. Lake-filled cavern fed by water issuing from several cracks in the cave's walls.

G. Large passage between Levels 2 and 1.

H. Large inner cavern heaped with Delgalen's treasure-hoard and not infrequently with Delgalen herself. At the extreme rear of this cavern are 6 large eggs on a nest of treasure.

I. Extremely large cavern, half-filled with water. This is the upper end of Delgalen's link to the Gilrain estuary.

J. The underwater entrance to Dol Oclanoc, about 30' below the surface of the river.

The Task

It's evening in the public room of the Port Tavern, and the aged, inebriated fisherman, Sholtor, is sitting with a number of off-duty soldiers from the Harbor Fort. They've been buying him drinks in exchange for what they deem to be just another of his tall stories. Near the fireplace, Ablor the Juggler is singing a ballad about a great sea battle of yore. In a corner of the room sits the woman, Maval, apparently lost in thought.

From the soldiers' table a roar of laughter explodes, followed by the angry protests of old Sholtor, who now stands leaning unsteadily on the edge of the table.

"I tell ye, I did destroy 25 Corsairs during the raids!"

"All by yourself, too, I bet! Old man, do you take us for fools?"

"Foolish? Indeed ye be such! I ne'er said I wash alone. Me beautiful daughter Sgihir wash there too!"

"Your daughter, eh? Maybe 'twas her face what done in all them Corsairs!" This, followed by another roar of laughter.

"Ye'll all be shorry, ye wall! T'wash Oclanoc hishelf what done fer the ship. Reached up wi' shtoney handsh an' pulled 'er down, he did, and' me and Sgihir, we done for them what come to land! By Oclanoc and the Dark Fire, I shwear 'tis true!"

During this loud exchange, the singer lowers his voice and the woman, Maval, now leans eagerly forward.

But old Sholtor s dignity is offended, and even the offer of another pitcher of *meathran* can't keep him at the table with the scoffing soldiers. He strides away from them with his nose in the air and bumps heavily into Maval's table, spilling a bottle of expensive wine and her glass. As he begins to apologize, instead of berating him, she pulls him down into one of the chairs at her table and begins speaking softly and earnestly with him.

Presently, the old man's daughter arrives to take him home. She too accepts a seat at Maval's table and joins in the inaudible conversation. After Maval has apparently quizzed the pair for nearly half an hour, she seeks out the innkeeper for a brief exchange, then goes upstairs.

When she returns, she is carrying what appears to be all her belongings in a rucksack. She and Sgihir help the unsteady Sholtor to his feet as two of the innkeeper's older children follow the trio out the back door with the luggage.

The singer, Ablor, finishes his ballad and quietly slips out of the room by the same exit taken by Maval and company. When he returns a few minutes later, Ablor looks carefully around the room, examining the face of each guest. He comes over to the tables occupied by the PCs and orders a round of drinks for all. He patiently inquires about the name and loyalties to the Crown of each member of the party. If he is satisfied, he will address the group.

"I have learned of the possible existence of a wrecked treasure-ship on the coast not far from here. There may very well be Corsairs nearby. I know not how many, but the treasure may be well worth the risk. You seem capable of doing in a few of our King's enemies, so I ask for your aid. Whatever we recover, we share equally with the Crown, if that's satisfactory."

If the PCs agree to his offer, he will insist that they move out within the hour. He asks that they gather their equipment and meet him in front of the inn.

By the time the PCs are ready to start, Maval and the fisher-folk will be about four miles ahead of them on the long, winding road that rises from the vale of Gaeros up to the northern cliffs. However, they are moving at a leisurely pace and their lantern-light can be seen whenever the pursuers reach the top of any of the many hills along the way. If they come close enough, within half a mile, they will hear old Sholtor singing sea chanteys at the top of his lungs. There is a full moon in the sky, so it will be easy to comply with Ablor s insistence that they use no torches or lanterns.

Aids

Fanthol the Corsair knows the caverns of Dol Oclanoc very well, having been marooned there for more than two years. If encountered, he will offer to lead the PCs to the treasure in exchange for helping him to leave, but he has no intentions of sharing. He will either lose them in the upper caves or wait until the PCs are near the treasure and then shout to Delgalen "Intruders! Awake!" He will then take all the treasure he has been able to accumulate from his hiding place and exit Dol Oclanoc via the party's ropes. Although he can be most friendly, even charming, in no case can he be trusted.

Maval (more properly, Rúthiel the Corsair) is equally devious and cunning, but lacks Fanthol's charm. Her object will be to accumulate wealth for herself, using others, even Fanthol, her former leader, until they are no longer necessary, at which time she will dispatch them in the most expedient manner.

Sholtor and Sgihir, while independent and somewhat distrustful of "the gov'mint," are nonetheless good folk. If they knew Maval was a Corsair, they would hardly help her for any amount of gold; they would more likely try to maroon her as they did Fanthol and his men.

Obstacles

As powerful as Delgalen is, taking some of her vast treasure is not impossible. Providing, of course, that one is not too greedy and takes too long at the task.

Delgalen leaves her caves at least once a day to scout for prey in the estuary or, sometimes, in the Bay of Belfalas. She may be gone anywhere from 15 minutes to several hours. (Roll 1D100 for total number of 15-minute segments she is absent.) There is a 10% chance she will be gone the first time the PCs visit her lair each day.

Delgalen likes to sleep quite a bit while "at home," although she is highly sensitive to the sounds and scents of intruders, even while sleeping. There is a 60% chance she will be asleep in her lair the first time the PCs encounter her each day.

Delgalen's movement is limited to the first and second level corridors of Dol Oclanoc (and there is even one corridor in Level 1 which is too small for her great bulk) and the water. She cannot reach either Level 3 or the top of the cliffs. Should she become sufficiently enraged, is it possible she might access the cliff top by crawling up from one of the adjacent valleys and along the Coast Road. This type of atypical behavior might be triggered by damage to any of the six large eggs which lie in a nest of treasure behind the greater pile.

Rewards

The rewards possible from raiding the dragon-hoard are virtually limitless; provided, of course, one survives Fanthol, Maval/Rtithiel, the great sea-drake and the dangerous tunnels and caves of Dol Oclanoc. In addition to coins beyond number, there are precious gems and jewelry, ornate weaponry and armor, casks and strongboxes containing potions and scrolls and valuable decorative pieces. If successful, one is limited only by what one can carry out of the great weeping face.

Encounters

Number	Type	Coastal Hills	Level 3	Level 2	
Level 1					
1	Natural Hazard[1]	01-11	01-39	01-39	01-39
Animals[2]					
1-2	Badgers	12-16	—	—	—
1-2	Bears	17-21	—	—	—
2-40	Bees/Hornets	22-27	40-59	—	—
1	Boar	28-32	—	—	—
1-10	Dogs (wild)	33-38	—	—	—
1-2	Foxes	39-43	—	—	—
1-10	Goats (wild)	44-48	—	—	—
1-10	Rabbits	49-54	—	—	—
1-2	Skunks	55-59	—	—	—
1-2	Snakes/Spiders	60-64	60-79	41-59	40-50
NPCs					
1	Madman/woman[3]	65-73	—	—	—
1-10	Outcasts[4]	71-82	—	—	—
1-10	Religious Zealots[5]	83-93	—	—	—
1-10	Corsairs	94-00	—	—	—
1	Fanthol[6]	—	80-00	60-79	51-71
1	Delgalen[7]	—	—	80-00	72-00

1. Crumbling cliff-edges, slippery or falling rocks, etc.
2. 25% of lone animals are rabid and will attack. Bite transmits rabies!
3. Delusions, hallucinations, paranoia. 25% chance they are homicidal.
4. People carrying the Plague, very infectious. 50% show signs of it.
5. Devotees of "the Dark Fire of Númenor." "He'll rid the land of Corsairs! Pray to him!"
6. At the first sight of him by PCs, he'll prefer hiding and observing them for a while.
7. May only be the sounds or smells of her (GM's option for first encounter).

Master NPC Table

Name	Lvl	Hit	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	MovM
Anscian	4	55	RL/10	35	—	—	87bs	—	10
Mixed Man Warrior/Fighter. +5 broadsword; quick-tempered.									
Midòg	3	28	SL/	10	—	—	75sp	60lb	5
Dunnish Scout/Assassin. Wily but past his prime.									
Ascal	2	30	SL/	5	—	—	60cl	50ro	5
Dunnish Warrior/Fighter. Very large, very strong, very stupid.									
Fadsròna c	2	26	SL/	5	—	—	75da	70da	10
Dunnish Scout/Thief. Intelligent, sadistic, insane.									
Ablac	1	30	—	20	—	—	75da	80da	25
Dunnish Scout/Thief. Young, extremely fast and agile.									
Duberd	4	52	RL/10	35	Y/5	A/L	87bs	—	10
Mixed Man Warrior/Fighter. +5 broadsword.									
Awil	2	50	SL/	10	—	—	70bs	45sb	20
Dúnadan/Dunnish Warrior/Fighter. Eldest son of innkeeper at Gaeros.									
Falchù	3	130	—	15	—	—	60da	75sb	25
Mixed Woman Scout/Thief. A lycanthropic skin-changer by night. See Master Beast Table for stats as wolf.									
Children	1	30	—	5	—	—	40da	60sb	25
Mixed man/Woman Warrior/Fighters. Like their mother, Falchù's four teenagers (excluding her youngest daughter) become ferocious wolves at night.									
Mala	2	50	SL/	10	—	—	75ha	60lb	20
Dunnish Warrior/Fighter. Husband of Falchù and brother of Milis of Gaeros. Utterly devoted to his wife.									
Othwellon	3	70	RL/10	15	—	—	70bs	40sb	5
Lesser Dúnadan Warrior/Fighter. Innkeeper, ex-royal marine sergeant; left leg permanently disabled; movement and maneuverability somewhat slowed.									
Averan	2	30	SL/	10	—	—	60bs	85lb	20
Mixed Man Warrior/Fighter. 17-year old son of Othwellon and Milis of Gaeros; very strong arms, in keeping with his blacksmith's vocation.									
Fiaga	1	25	SL/	15	—	—	50bs	50lb	25
Mixed Man Warrior/Fighter. 15-year old brother of Averan.									
Fanthol	11	141	RL/10	40	Y	—	140bs	120cp	10
Mixed Man Warrior/Fighter. Corsair squadron commander.									
Sholtor	2	15	—	0	—	—	20st	20st	-5
Dunnish (Rural Man) fisherman. Old and weakened by alcohol.									
Sgihir	3	30	—	20	—	—	50da	50da	20
Dunnish (Rural Woman) Animist/Cleric. Daughter of Sholtor.									
Maval/Rúthiel	7	85	—	35	—	—	100bs	100da	15
Dúnadan Warrior/Fighter. Corsair captain.									
Ablor	8	91	Ch/	40	—	—	100bs	100da	10
Dúnadan Bard. Counter-spy for Gondor; poses as traveling entertainer; harp has special chords of enchantment (*Charm, Sleep, Calm* and *Vibration*) which affect all living creatures within hearing.									
Delgalen	See Master Beast Table for stats.								

Master NPC Table

Beast	Lvl	Size	Speed	Hits	AT	DB	Attacks
Badger	2	S	FA/VF	45	3	50	40MBi60/40Cl20/Both20
Bear	5	L	MF/MF	150	8	20	60LGr60/50LCl/50MBi/70MBa40
Bee/Hornet	1	S	F/M	1	1	40	TSt-10/—/—
Boar	3	M	FA/MF	110	4	30	50MHo100/50MBa/40STs
Cattle (wild)	4	L	MF/MF	150	4	10	50MHo100/50MBa/40STs
Delgalen*	25	H	FA/MF	350	16	30	110HBi/80HCl/150HBa
Deer	2	M	VF/FA	70	3	40	20MHo90/20MTs10
Dog (wild)	4	M	VF/FA	65	3	40	45MBi100
Fox	2	S	FA/FA	45	3	50	50SBi100
Goat (wild)	2	M	F/MF	50	4	30	40MHo(male)/40MBa/10MTs
Lynx	3	S	VF/VF	60	3	60	30MCL30/20SBi30/Both 40
Rabbit	1	T	VF/FA	10	1	50	0TBi100/10SBa(6)
Rat	1	S	MD/MF	10	1	25	30TBi
Skunk	1	S	MD/FA	30	1	40	30SBi100/20TCl/"Spraying"
Snake (poisonous)	1	S	VF/BF	15	1	50	20MSt/Poison/—
Spider (poisonous)	0	T	IN/VF	1	1	10	0TPi(50)/0SSt/Poison
Squirrel	0	S	MD/MF	8	1	30	20TBi100/20SBi(6)
Wildcat	3	S	VF/VF	60	3	60	30MCl30/20SBi30/Both 40
Werewolf	7	M	VF/VF	130	4	50	Both-70MBi/60SCl

* Use super-large criticals. Also, 80HHo and (in water or recently) 150 waterbolt (300' range). **Magic (+50 PP):** Essence Perceptions, Essence Ways, Illusions, Spell Defense, Water Law. When traveling upon the surface of the estuary, she is fond of shrouding herself in fog of her own making. **Attack Patterns:** 1) waterbolt (if possible) + 1 claw or 1 bash (tail); 2) horn + 1 claw or 1 bash (tail); 3) bite + 1 claw or 1 bash (tail); 4) 2 claws + 1 bash (tail). Delgalen is not prone to anger, but will protect herself and her eggs by the most expedient means. These eggs resemble water-worn boulders, about 1 yd in diameter. Roughly spherical, each weighs ca. 500 lbs. Their surface, while rock-like in appearance, is leathery to the touch and has double the strength of plate armor. The six eggs are at the back of Delgalen's treasure chamber.

Master Military Table

Name	Lvl	Hit	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Melee OB	Missile OB	MovM
Commander of Harbor Fort									
Capt. Magorion	13	155	Pl/19	45	Y10	(A/L)	155bs	145cp	5
This royal knight was assigned to this small, remote post for political reasons, but has accepted it as any other assignment. Magorion leads with firmness, fairness and dignity. He is highly respected by those under his command . His +5 silver platemail wears as AT10. Normally he carries a +10 broadsword and a +5 shortsword. In battle he adds a +10 shield. Outside the fort, add a colored lance and a battle-tested warhorse, Elen. he knows 3rd level Animist Spells and wears a Captain#s Ring (+1 spell adder).									
Elen	4	155	SL/3	25	—	—	LTr65	—	25
Heavy warhorse, yet very fast. When armored, merely fast and has +10 MovM, but she defends as AT 15 (-5)									
Royal Artillery									
Lieutnants/2	8	85	Ch/10	35	Y/5	A/L	60ss	80hcb	5
Sergeants/3	4	76	Ch/5	25	Y	N	50ss	70hcb	5
Normally carry a +5 shortsword and a +5 dagger. In combat, add shield and crossbow. These men are experts with any form of siege weapon: ballista, catapult, etc. but are not personal combat oriented.									
Royal Marines									
Sergeants/2	4	76	RL/10	35	Y	(A/L)	87bs	57ha	5
Marines/10	3	52	RL/9	30	Y	N	74bs	44ha	5
Each carries a +5 broadsword, a +5 boarding axe.									

Author: John Bliven Morin
Editor: Chris Seeman
Cover Art: Quentin Westcott
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Dedication: To my daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchild. JBM
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